



# Whitfun Holidays.

Or, Greenwich all alive-O,  
And to Bow fair we will drive-O.

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**N**OW Whitfun it is arriv'd,  
We'll merry, merry be,  
To Greenwich fair we will repair,  
For mirth and jollity.

C H O R U S.

And to Greenwich we will go, will go, will go,  
And to Greenwich we will go.

When Whitfun Monday it doth come,  
The pretty girls prepare,  
All with their jovial sweethearts,  
To go to Greenwich fair.

And on the road what fun you'll see,  
Lord! how the people throng,  
With cracking nuts and stuffing guts,  
Such fiddling, and a song.

Old Granny Grumbling Powder  
Must be there amongst the rest,  
She's dizen'd like a young girl,  
Or an old ewe, lamb-like dress'd.

To see the fun that's in the Park  
Then hobbling she will go,  
For 'twas there she lost her maidenhead,  
But 'tis many years ago.

There's running round the ring,  
With dodging in and out,  
And many a smart and like'y lass  
Will have a merry bout.

When tir'd with the pastime,  
To the alehouse they'll repair,  
With beef and ham themselves to cram,  
For this is Greenwich fair.

And then to'ards night they think of home.  
So in a coach retreat,  
Such kissing and such squeezing there  
Each pretty lass will meet.

On Thursday Bow Fair it begins,  
Much fun and pastime there,  
Where weavers sailors, shipwrights,  
In crowds they will repair.

And to Bow fair we will go, &c.

There's shows in great abundance,  
With ribbon stalls so rare,  
And every kind of pastime  
May be seen in this nice fair.

With wild beasts in abundance,  
And dwarfs and giants there,  
We'll laugh and joak, and drink and smoak  
And be merry at Bow fair.

Now Saturday must close the week,  
On Sunday all looks dim,

On Monday, for to raise the wind,  
Two-to-One their duds takes in.

And a pawning we will go, &c.

